FABULÆ SELECTÆ

63Y.9.35

AUCTORE

JOHANNE GAY

LATINE REDDITÆ.

LONDINI:

Proſtant venales apud J. DODSLEY.

A B U L E.

ORGIO FREDERICO AUGUSTO

ERENISSIMO WALLIÆ PRINCIPI, &c. &c.

FABULAS HAS SEQUENTES

AS IN STUDIUM PROPATRUI EJUS

STRISSIMI CUMBERLANDIÆ DUCIS

Excogitavit JOHANNES GAY

aximâ, quâ potuit, fide, Latinè redditas

Votis ominibuſque fauſtiſſimis

DAT DICAT DEDICAT

pr. 1777. INTERPRES.

ABULÆ SELECTÆ.

Enter'd at Stationers Hall.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

FABLES.

The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER

REMOTE from cities liv'd a ſwain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

AD

ABULAS

PROŒMIUM.

PASTOR et PHILOSOPHUS.

Utus ab urbe procul, lucrique cupidine paſtor
Egit inoffenſos et ſine lite dies;
ferat argento crines longæva ſenectus,
Atque ætas nullâ fecerat arte ſophum;
ſub æſtivo, gelidæque ſub impete brumæ,
Pavit mane ſuas, veſpere clauſit oves;
oitione vacans, et læta laboribus hora
Quæque ſine invidiâ lene tetendit iter:
otum extulerat nomen venerabile pagum,
Sincerus vitæ mos, ſapienſque tenor.

A deep philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of PLATO weigh'd?
Hath SOCRATES thy ſoul refin'd,
And haſt thou fathom'd TULLY's mind?
Or, like the wiſe ULYSSES thrown
By various fates, on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The ſhepherd modeſtly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;

rtè ſophus (morum cui ſola academia normam
Verboſæque dabant dogmata trita ſcholæ)
uperis ad tugurî contendit limen, et ultrò
Ingenium explorat conſiliumque ſenis.

o tibi fonte fluit doctrina? quis impulit ardor
Te veterum ſcriptis invigilare ſophûm?
cras tune tenes, quas mens divina Platonis,
Græcia quaſque vetus, Romaque pandit opes?
tibi Socraticæ formarunt pectora chartæ,
Et præcepta gravi quæ Cicerone fluunt?
t tu per varias, fatis urgentibus, oras
Ignotum carpens, inſtar Ulyſſis, iter,
ngula luſtraſti regio quos protulit uſus,
Quos coluit mores, aut ſibi jura dedit?

n mihi ſorte datum eſt doctrinæ exquirere calles,
Submiſſâ paſtor voce modeſtus ait;

Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes;
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge, I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:

nhominum admores, aut jura, arteſque legendas,
Mutavi patriis extera regna focis;
ude etenim verſatur homo, neque cernitur ulli
Quà putat, aut loquitur, quà ratione tacet;
ne aliquis ſtudio fiet ſapientior iſto,
Cum neque nos ipſos noſcere ſorte datur?
æmihi, parva quidem, parta eſt doctrina, fatebor,
Naturæ dono ſimplice ſola venit;
c mihi fonte fluunt vitæ præcepta beatæ,
Hinc odium vitio crevit, et uſque manet.

æ ſolet aſſiduos apis exercere labores
Me vocat, atque operam ſuadet inire parem.
is cernit formica quot urget provida curas,
Nec caveat vitæ quid ſibi portet hiems?
meus (accepti quo non minus immemor alter
Muneris) ingratum non ſinit eſſe canis:

I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air,
In converſation overbear;
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein,
For who talks much, muſt talk in vain;

nditias ſine fraude, arteſque admiror honeſtas,
Obſequiumque imitor, fide Lyciſce, tuum.
id ſit honeſtus Hymen, quid connubialia jura,
Admonet irrupto juncta columba jugo.
æ pullos ſtudioſa fovet gallina tenellos,
Expoſitàque tegit plumà, abigitque gelu,
volucris quæcunque vagis ſecat æthera pennis,
Me tenero fungi patris amore docet.

de etiam riſus, juſta et faſtidia vitem,
Regula naturæ munere certa datur.
i me præponens, quos colloquor inter, amicis,
Cenſoris partes imperioſus ago;
bonis caput auſterum, vultuſque verendos
Cum videt, an jactet ſe gravitate ſophus?
quoniam attentas dat nemo loquacibus aures,
Impoſui linguæ vincula juſta meæ;

We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right;
Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find?
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee only wiſe;

borum fugimus ſtrepitum: quis curat inanes
Quos iterat toties garrula pica ſonos?
ego per tacitam quidvis abſcondere fraudem
Vicinive ſacrum jus violare velim;
c odio eſt genus omne rapax; juſtàque videmus
Plecti cæde lupos, accipitreſque mori;
alià ratione movet faſtidia bufo,
Serpentumque affert ſquamea turba metum;
ppe hinc ſcire datum eſt, quòd fœda calumnia [morſu
Et dens invidiæ deteriore nocet.
quodcunque manus naturæ dædala finxit
Quod ſpeculetur homo, quà moneatur, habet;
bene moratæ res eſt tenuiſſima menti
Quæ non conſilio det ſapiente frui.

ſophus hæc contra: juſta eſt tibi gloria; virtus
Quam rectè ſapias me tua vera docet;

Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men;
But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

ius ſæpe latens calamum ſcriptoribus urget,
Scriptoriſque animum pagina vana ſapit;
ftior at ſacras Naturæ diſcere leges
Qui ſtudet, ex vero dogmata fonte trahit;
ſapiens, ſic juſtus homo, ſic fiet honeſtus,
Nec ſophiæ ſtudiis plura docendus erit.

FABLE I.

THE

LION, the TYGER, and the TRAVELLE

ACCEPT, young PRINCE, the moral lay,
And in theſe tales mankind ſurvey;
With early virtues plant your breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of truth:
Learn to contemn all praiſe betimes;
For flattery's the nurſe of crimes:

FABULA I.

Leo, Tigris, et Viator.

EGIA Progenies, morale hoc accipe carmen,
Verſiculiſque homines intueare meis;
urè ingenuum virtutibus imbue pectus,
vitii perſtet mens inimica dolis.

ceps in teneris, ceu fœmina pulchrior, annis
norat, veri vox quid honeſta valet:
bi ſcire datum, jam nunc, quot crimina nutrit,
ot mala fert mendax Laus, et iniquus Honor:

Friendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown,
(A virtue never near a throne;)
In courts ſuch freedom muſt offend,
There none preſumes to be a friend.
To thoſe of your exalted ſtation
Each courtier is a dedication;
Muſt I too flatter like the reſt,
And turn my morals to a jeſt?
The Muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe,
Who thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.

But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant boſom trace
The virtues of your Royal race,
In the fair dawning of your mind
Diſcern you gen'rous, mild, and kind:

orrupta fides, ſoliis incognita Regum,
Cenſoris rigidas audet obire vices;
ubi vix aliquis ſpeciem prætendit amici,
Libertas aulis officioſa nocet;
à tibi ſi nulli voveant mendacia vates,
Quæ tamen hæc dicat, turba frequenter erit;
ſit adulantis procul ô mihi lingua catervæ,
Seria ne videar vertere dicta joco;
as tibi dant illi laudes ſermone ſoluto
Spernit Apollineis muſa referre modis.

merita, O Princeps, ergo tua vera ſilebo,
Quidve putat de te Terra Britanna loquar?
tibi in tenero virtutum corde tuetur
Semina, magnorum nomine digna patrum;
c ſibi non fauſtos audet promittere ſoles,
Cùm tua tam placidà luce juventa nitet;

They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs;
Go on; the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain;
From hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age;
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your Sire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.

A Tyger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;
The proſtrate game a Lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies;
With mingled roar reſounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws diſtil with blood;

mitem, facilemque, et jam miſereſcere pronum
Et velle humanis cernit adeſſe malis;
cte animis; en læta Boni te ad culmina virtus
Voce vocat! Patriæ perfice vota tuæ:
etenim auguriis, cum firma adoleverit ætas,
Cernere ſit qualis fama virilis erit;
ræ laudis amor flammis te accendet honeſtis,
Et magnum agnoſcent facta futura Patrem;
avi feritas animi eſt; præſtare jacenti
Auxilium, et miſeris parcere fortis amat.

x Homini inſiliit deſerto in tramite Tigris,
Dum ſolum ſpolii luſtrat avara nemus;
ſtratam cernens prædam, ſeſe objicit ultrò
Victoremque ferox corripit ore Leo;
fuſo reſonat fremitu nemus, undique rivis
Tingit purpureis ora pedeſque cruor;

'Till vanquiſh'd by the Lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted foe extends his length;
The Man beſought the ſhaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd:
His life the gen'rous hero gave;
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus beſpoke his gueſt:
" What hardy beaſt ſhall dare conteſt
My matchleſs ſtrength! You ſaw the fight,
And muſt atteſt my pow'r and right:
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My ſtarving ſlaves at diſtance roam:
Within theſe woods I reign alone,
The boundleſs foreſt is my own;
Bears, wolves, and all the ſavage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood:

nec fauce cadens, et vi graviore Leonis,
Horridus in maculis ſternitur hoſtis humi;
rſutum aggreditur ſubmiſſâ voce tyrannum,
Et vitam implorat poplite pronus Homo:
t vitam, fortiſque ultrò ſic incipit heros,
Dum comitem blandus ducit ad antra novum:
Bellua quæ, valido quanquam ſit robore, noſtris
Audebit vires oppoſuiſſe ſuas?
gnæ teſtis eras, et jus fateare neceſſe eſt,
Huic mihi quod regno vis mea ſola dedit:
nc procul a patriis jamdudum ſedibus exul,
Turpi enecta fame bruta caterva fugit:
s inter ſylvas ſolus mea ſceptra capeſſo,
Me dominum agnoſcunt hæc loca vaſta ſuum;
e gentes tremuere feræ: gravis urſus, et acres
Regia tinxerunt antra cruore lupi:

Theſe carcaſſes on either hand,
Thoſe bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds, and triumphs tell,
Beneath theſe jaws what numbers fell.

True, ſays the Man: the ſtrength I ſaw
Might well the brutal nation awe;
But ſhall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in ſo falſe a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd: let juſtice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boaſts
Of waſted lands and ſlaughter'd hoſts;
Pirates their pow'r by murders gain;
Wiſe kings by love and mercy reign:
To me your clemency hath ſhown
The virtue worthy of a throne:

æ dextrà, lævàque, exanguia corpora cernis,
Iſtaque queis albens oſſa repletur humus,
ec antiqua tropæa, et facta priora fatentur,
Faucibus his domitæ quot cecidere feræ.

ra refers, reſpondet Homo: genus omne ferinum
Vis tua, nota ſatis, ſubdere ſola poteſt;
falſam ſitiens famam, prædonis honorem
Captabit fortis Rex, ſimiliſque tui?
ſtitiæ vim junge tuam, populoque volenti
Quæ Lex impoſuit vincula, ſtringat Amor.
aſtatas latè terras, cæſoſque phalangas
Heroum jactant ambitioſa cohors;
aptores vi regna parant, et ſanguine lauros;
Rex ſapiens miti corde, et amore regit:
æc tua, quam nuper ſenſi clementia, monſtrat,
Quam ſolio virtus ſit tua digna frui:

Heav'n gives you pow'r above the reſt,
Like Heav'n to ſuccour the diſtreſt.

The caſe is plain, the Monarch ſaid;
Falſe glory hath my youth miſled;
For beaſts of prey, a ſervile train,
Have been the flatt'rers of my reign:
You reaſon well: Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.

gum ſola venit cælo commiſſa poteſtas,
Ut cælo ſimiles ſint, miſeroſque levent.

manifeſta patet, luſit laus prava juventam,
Rex ait, et falſâ luce fefellit honor;
nen adulantum, genus heu ſervile ferarum,
Imperii mores inſtituere mei:
rectà ratione mones: ſed dic mihi, quæſo,
Tune aulas nunquam, dulcis amice, colis?
icet humanos omnis mea turba fatetur
Heroas, ſceptrum more tenere meo.

FABLE II.

The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the FAIRY.

GIVE me a ſon. The bleſſing ſent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes?
No child is half ſo fair and wiſe.

Wak'd to the morning's pleaſing care,
The mother roſe, and ſought her heir:
She ſaw the Nurſe, like one poſſeſs'd,
With wringing hands, and ſobbing breaſt.

FABULA II.

MATER, NUTRIX, et LAMIA.

Il date progeniem. votum obtinuere parentes:
O! quam filiolo gaudet uterque novo?
d falſus non ſuadet amor? ſapientior hercle
Non fuit, aut toto pulchrior orbe puer.

git, et Aurorà lætos referente labores,
Hæredem genitrix officioſa petit:
tortis ſtabat manibus, dementis adinſtar
Nutrix, ſingultu concutiente ſinus.

Sure ſome diſaſter has befel:
Speak, Nurſe; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Inviſible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid;
Where are the father's mouth and noſe,
The mother's eyes, as black as ſloes?
See here, a ſhocking aukward creature,
That ſpeaks a fool in every feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries;
I ſee wit ſparkle in his eyes.

Lord! Madam, what a ſquinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

i mihi, neſcio quid malè contigit, en age, quid ſit,
Dic, Nutrix; vivit, ſpero, valetque puer.

mihi, ne tribuas, Domina O cariſſima, culpam;
Adfuit hìc oculos clam ſcelerata meos
fuit hic Lamia: et vità tibi charior infans
Tollitur, et ſupplet plumbeus iſte locum.
mina quò matris ſylveſtribus æmula prunis,
Quò patrius fugit naſus, et oris honos?
c adverte oculos, deforme hoc aſpice monſtrum,
Totus hebet, ſtultum tota figura ſapit.

emina, mater ait, cæca eſt; en, qualis ocello
Vivida ſcintillat vis, animique vigor?

r Superos, reſpondet anus, tranſverſa tuetur
Jam nunc: hìc Lamiam nullus adeſſe neget.

Juſt as ſhe ſpoke, a Pigmy Sprite
Pops through the key-hole, ſwift as light;
Perch'd on the cradle's top he ſtands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence ſprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools ſupply?
What! give our ſprightly race away,
For the dull helpleſs ſons of clay!
Beſides, by partial fondneſs ſhown,
Like you we doat upon our own;
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And ſhould we change with human breed,
Well might we paſs for fools indeed.

it, per clavis cùm lapſa foramen imago
Pygmæa, ante oculos ocyor igne volat;
ctumque caput cunarum in vertice tollens,
Stultitiam his viſa eſt increpitare modis.

[unquam
de hæc vana hominum ſurgunt commenta? quis
Nos orbem ſtultis ſuppeditare putet?
noſtrum ſublime genus mortalibus ægris,
Compoſitiſque luto poſthabuiſſe decet?
s quoque, nos oculis prolem admiramur iniquis,
Et vano pariter fas ſit amore frui;
æ genitrix, puerum ſi commutare liceret,
Pingue caput fatui nollet habere ſui?
ntis at humanæ ſobolem præponere noſtræ,
Stultorum nobis nomina jure daret.

FABLE III.

The EAGLE and the Aſſembly of ANIM

AS JUPITER's all-ſeeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the ſky,
From this ſmall ſpeck of earth were ſent
Murmurs and ſounds of diſcontent;
For every thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardeſt life ſuſtain'd.
JOVE calls the Eagle. At the word
Before him ſtands the royal bird.

FABULA III.

AQUILA, et ANIMALIUM cœtus.

UPITER immenſos mundi dum proſpicit orbes,
Lumine, quo cæli cuncta ſub arce videt,
nfuſum ſubitò murmur, vocumque tumultus
Hoc terræ ex humili ſurgit ad aſtra globo;
ippe omne æthereis animal quod veſcitur auris,
Conqueritur vità ſe graviore premi.
goAquilam vocat Omnipotens. ad juſſa Tonantis,
Confeſtim ante oculos regius ales adeſt.

The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downwards directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence ariſe
Theſe murmurs which offend the ſkies?
Why this diſorder? ſay the cauſe:
For juſt are JOVE's eternal laws.
Let each his diſcontent reveal;
To yon ſour Dog, I firſt appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies,
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary ſtep and ſlow,
O'er plains and vales, and mountains go;
The morning ſees my chaſe begun,
Nor ends it till the ſetting ſun.

lle capit mandata, et ab ætheris axe deorſum
Remigio alarum præpete carpit iter;
t vitam quæcunque trahunt animalia cogit,
Regis ut accipiant juſſa verenda ſui.

Murmura cur hæc tanta, ingrata animalia, ſurgunt,
Murmura ſydereis invidioſa choris?
icite cur tantos audetis tollere motus?
Æqui jura manent inviolanda Jovis.
icant quæque ſuas, et quam fovet iſte querelam
Tetricus auſtero prædicet ore canis.

ata manent me dura, canis venaticus inquit,
Quàm celeri nervo vertagus iſte fugit?
um feſſis ego tarda trahens veſtigia plantis,
Per juga, per valles, et loca plana feror;
l videt exoriens curſùs me dura ferentem,
Nec grave finitur, dum caput abdit, opus.

When (ſays the Greyhound) I purſue,
My game is loſt, or caught in view;
Beyond my ſight the prey's ſecure:
The Hound is ſlow, but always ſure;
And had I his ſagacious ſcent,
Jove ne'er had heard my diſcontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox, the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pidgeon's flight,
Whoſe wings were rapid, ſtrong, and light:
The Pidgeon ſtrength of wing deſpis'd,
And the Cock's matchleſs valour priz'd:
The Fiſhes wiſh'd to graze the plain;
The Beaſts, to ſkim beneath the main:
Thus, envious of another's ſtate,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

Vertagus at contra: mea, quam ſequor, aufugit ora,
Aut cadit ante oculos præda repente meos;
Si lateat, ſecura manet: venaticus urget
Dum canis iſte pigrum vincere certus iter;
Cujus ſi nares mihi ſors tribuiſſet odoros,
Non juſtum arguerat noſtra querela Jovem.

Ingenium et vafras vulpis Leo poſtulat artes;
Corda ſibi Vulpes, vimque Leonis avet:
Gallus more cupit curſum tranare Columbæ;
Cui valida, et pernix, et levis ala datur:
Pennarum vires, rapidoſque Columba volatus
Reſpuit, et Galli cor ſibi forte rogat:
Exoptant campi depaſcere gramina Piſces;
Æquoreaſque Feræ poſſe ſecare vias:
Invida ſic audent alienæ ſingula ſortis,
Fatorum injuſtas inſimulare manus.

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud;
" Jove bids diſperſe the murm'ring croud;
The God rejects your idle prayers;
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What, ſilent all, and none conſent!
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the reſtleſs mind,
And proud ambition of mankind."

m magnà æthereus proclamat voce miniſter;
" Diſperſa hæc abeat turba, jubente Deo;
ilibus ſurdam precibus dat Jupiter aurem;
Quidque petis fruſtrà ſeditioſa cohors?
penitùs verti naturam et nomina quæris,
Inque alio vitam poſſe animante frui?
cne petis? ſilet omne animal? quin ſingula fato
Sint contenta, dedit quod ſibi cunque Deus:
c veſana agitet corda irrequieta libido,
Quæ ſolet humanum ſolicitare genus."

FABLE IV.

The LADY and the WASP.

WHAT whiſpers muſt the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes diſpenſe her charms,
Impertinence around her ſwarms:
Did not the tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
Contempt and ſcorn might look diſlike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place;
The ſlighteſt flap a fly can chaſe;
But who can drive the num'rous breed?
Chaſe one, another will ſucceed;

FABULA IV.

PUELLA et VESPA.

QUOT nugas audire, quot auſcultare ſufurris,
Tædia quot, pulchra eſt Nympha coacta pati?
Quid agit, quoquò nitidos diſponit ocellos,
Stultitiæ ludit, ſubſequiturque ſonus:
Teneræ nullà capiant dulcedine voces,
Hæc vetet aſperior frons, tacituſque pudor;
Tus terga daret juſtà gravitate repulſus;
Vel minimo carpit verbere muſca fugam;
Numeroſa cohors, neque vi, neque pellitur armis,
Altera ſuppeditat, cùm fugit una, locum;

Who knows a fool, muſt know his brother;
One ſop will recommend another:
And with this plague ſhe's rightly curſt,
Becauſe ſhe liſten'd to the firſt.

As DORIS, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was penſive, now was gay,
And loll'd the ſultry hours away.

As thus in indolence ſhe lies,
A giddy waſp around her flies;
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aſpires;
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulſe he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and ſipt the dew;

ultum novit, fratrem quoque noſcat oportet;
iscomitem, quem non laudet, ineptus habet?
mo quæcunque aurem dedit ardelioni,
lanc pœnam meritâ peſte puella luit.

, Doris, ſtudioque operata diurno,
d ſpeculum, formæ dum ſtudioſa, ſedet,
hilari ſibi fronte placens, nunc ore ſevero,
Eſtivos fallit deſidioſa dies.

bi lenta ſedet, gyro ſecat aera circum
aſcivam carpens Veſpa proterva viam;
reprimit, nunc urget iter, nunc oſcula figit
ervici, aut roſeas appetit ore genas;
ra non icti defendunt ora flabelli,
la novo rediens corda timore movet;
etenim fit mente audacior, inque labello
ſidet, et rorem luxurioſa bibit;

She frowns, ſhe frets. Good gods! ſhe
Protect me from theſe teazing flies!
Of all the plagues that heav'n hath ſent,
A Waſp is moſt impertinent.

The hov'ring inſect thus complain'd,
Am I then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
Can ſuch offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold miſtake.
Thoſe cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with ſtrong deſire purſue
The faireſt peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, JENNY, DORIS cries,
Nor murder Waſps like vulgar flies:
For though he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

[clamat,
ha fremit, frontemque trahens, O! Numina,
Muſcarum crucians hoc prohibete genus;
uot habent peſtes, non importunius ullum
urpibus his veſpis Dii tribuere malum.

mei capiunt faſtidia, voce querenti
eſpa ait, et fidus ſic tibi ſordet amor?
ine culpa movet? (quæ ſi tibi culpa videtur)
on mihi, ſed formæ eſt attribuenda tuæ.
ibi purpureum, quod ſpirat thura, labellum,
uæque ſedet roſeis læta juventa genis,
lit, ut pomo, quo non ſpecioſius unquam
erſica terra tulit, ſit mihi poſſe frui.

ecæde, JANETTA, haud muſcæ ignobilis inſtar,
nquam Veſpa neci ſit data, DORIS ait,
quamvis animal ſit paulò audacius, hercle
rbanos mores, ingenuoſque ſapit.

In ecſtacies away he poſts,
Where-e'er he came, the favour boaſts;
Brags how her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
And ſhews the ſugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew,
Sure of ſucceſs, away they flew;
They ſhare the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy muſic play;
And now they flutter, now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt;
Nor were they baniſh'd, till ſhe found
That Waſps have ſtings, and felt the wou

ltans animis illa agmina conſcia jungit,
Nymphaque quàm facilis, quàm ſit amica docet;
at odoriferos ſe præguſtaſſe liquores,
Quæque hærent labris, mella notare jubet.

monita indiciis, fremit omine læta ſecundo,
Veſparumque omnis turba moleſta venit;
cipat menſæ luxus, ſine more, diurnos,
Aerioque ſtrepens ludit ubique ſono;
c celeres agitat pennas, rurſùſque quieſcit,
Nunc ſurſùm volitat, ſolicitatque ſinus;
cedit; Veſpis dum ſentit ineſſe venenum,
Ictaque crudeli cuſpide nympha dolet.

FABLE V.

The BULL and the MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy;
Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life and ſcope,
On theſe depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,

FABULA V.

TAURUS et MOLOSSUS.

rectè cupias puer inſtituatur amatus,
Omnis in hoc cari ſtet pia cura patris :
prius expertum ſit cor animuſque magiſtri,
Quàm formet nati cor animumque tui :
quoniam hic omnis ſpes eſt, hominem inſpice totum,
Et vitam et mores ſit penetrare labor.

urus floriferi fruitur dum gramine campi,
Prataque felici pace quieta regit,

A Maſtiff paſs'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood;
Spurning the ground the monarch ſtood,
And roar'd aloud; "Suſpend the fight,
In a whole ſkin go ſleep to-night;
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?
Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings.

The ſurly Maſtiff thus returns;
Within my boſom glory burns;
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame;

carpit iter gravis atrà bile Moloſſus;
ervida dant ſpumas ora, oculique micant;
inis urget amor; mugitibus æthera raucis
ex quatit, et tunſam calce fatigat humum;
ibi ne pugnæ veniat maleſuada cupido,
ſanam cupias hac tibi nocte cutem;
e, fare prius quàm pugnæ exæſtuet ardor,
ur mihi bella paras? quæ tibi cauſa mali eſt?
git ambitio, placidæve inimica quieti
t ſtimulos lucri pernicioſa ſitis?
a incipiis, Regum ſine jure potentum
ſtatrix rabies, et gravis ira venit.

nfeſto reſpondet corde Moloſſus;
s dedit, hos ſtimulos Gloria ſola movet;
n ſimilis, quorum immortalia vates
ta canunt, Bellum, Laudis amore, gero;

The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.

Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore;
For thou, beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd,
His daily murders in thy view,
Muſt, like thy tutor, blood purſue;
Take then thy fate: With goring wou
At once he lifts him from the ground;
Aloft the ſprawling heroe flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

vit lanii virtus animoſa juventam,
llorumque ſitim bellicus ipſe dedit;
imum erudiit, fortemque ad fortia miſit;
ut ſuperare docens, impavidumve mori.

cio, Taurus ait, nec jam, canis improbe, miror,
anguinis unde agitat te truculenta ſitis;
e ſub auſpiciis lanii crudelibus altus,
ui feritas animo eſt, ſanguineæque manus,
tot ſtrages, et tot ſpectacula cædis,
ix monitore minùs cædis avarus eris;
morere, ut meritus: ſimul hæc effatus, acerbo
ercuſſum penitùs vulnere, tollit humo;
blime fugit ſublatis cruribus heros,
iruptuſque ferit terram, ululansque perit.

FABLE VI.

The PEACOCK, the TURKEY, and the Go

IN beauty faults conſpicuous grow;
The ſmalleſt ſpeck is ſeen on ſnow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the Poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry;
He, conſcious of ſuporior merit,
Contemns their baſe reviling ſpirit;

FABULA VI.

PAVO, MELICA, et ANSER.

PARVUS in egregio prodit ſe corpore nævus;
In nive vel minima eſt conſpicienda nota.

Impulerat eſurie compulſus ad horrea Pavo,
Atque ibi dum ſocias paſcitur inter aves;
Invida continuò jaculatur lumina circum
Hoſpitis ad pompam tota caterva novi:
Ceſſ ille animos, inhoneſtaque jurgia temnit,
Dum recolunt proprium conſcia corda decus;

His ſtate and dignity aſſumes,
And to the ſun diſplays his plumes;
Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching ſkies,
Are ſpangled with a thouſand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled ſight:
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their ſpleen by turns.

Mark, with what inſolence and pride,
The creature takes his haughty ſtride,
The Turkey cries. Can ſpleen contain?
Sure never bird was half ſo vain!
But were intrinſic merit ſeen,
We Turkies have the whiter ſkin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuſe;
And next was heard the hiſſing Gooſe;

in digno ſplendore patet, caudamque ſuperbam
Solis in adverſum dat rutilare jubar;
æ veluti nitidum, quod contegit omnia, cælum,
Mille micat radiis, lumina mille jacit;
ſtringunt confeſtim oculos fulgoribus orbes
Plumarum, atque acies lucibus icta dolet:
n celeres linguæ dat cuique calumnia flammas,
Certatimque animos bilis amara coquit.

! Melica exclamat, quanto molimine fertur,
Quàm magnis animal paſſibus urget iter?
i non bile tumet jecur, aut quis contineat ſe,
Cùm ſtolidam inflato pectore cernit avem?
meritis ſit honos, virtuſque interna pateſcat,
Pulchrior eſt Melicis, candidiorque cutis.

[Anſer;
guam lingua movet, quin mox ſtrepit improbus
Ille etiam riſu ſibila colla quatit;

What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
(I ſcorn to cenſure little flaws)
But what a horrid ſqualling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.

True. Thoſe are faults the Peacock cries;
My ſcream, my ſhanks you may deſpiſe:
But ſuch blind critics rail in vain;
What, overlook my radiant train?
Know, did my legs (your ſcorn and ſport)
The Turkey or the Gooſe ſupport,
And did ye ſcream with harſher ſound,
Thoſe faults in you had ne'er been found;
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemiſh ſtrikes an envious mind.

Thus in Aſſemblies have I ſeen
A nymph of brighteſt charms and mien,

O! quam turpia crura! et quas, prob Jupiter, ungues!
(Non equidem vitium tenue notare velim)
Talis at inferno procedit gutture clamor,
Vel bubo horribilem contremit ipse sonum.

Vera quidem, Pavo exclamat, mihi crimina formæ
Hæc datis: ut vox est, sint quoque crura joco:
At criticos, infame genus, sine lumine monstrum
Nil moror: an caudæ gloria nulla datur?
Si melica ista meo, quod spernit, crure feratur,
Anseris aut pigrum sustineatur onus,
Si vestræ pejora meis dent murmura voces,
Hæc vitia in vobis nulla reperta forent;
Invida sed labem mens lustrat acutius omnem,
Dum cæca est meritis; negligiturque decor.

Hic ubi formâ habituque placens, ut sæpe notavi,
Fœmineos intrat nympha venusta choros,

Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing ſcandal fills the place.

FABLE VII.

The TAME STAG.

AS a young Stag the thicket paſt,
The branches held his antlers faſt;
A clown, who ſaw the captive hung,
Acroſs the horns his halter flung;

Now ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the preſent to his lord;

Singula continuò movet ora informia livor,
Et ſtrepit infami garrulitate locus.

FABULA VII.

CERVUS MANSUETUS.

DUM juvenis tendit dumeta per aſpera Cervus,
Ramorum cohibent brachia denſa caput;
Nequicquam implicità luctantem fronte colonus
Cernit, et injecto cornua fune ligat;

Ille tenet laqueo, prædàque ſuperbus opimà,
Captivam domino donat habere feram;

His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tip'd with half a crown;
The Stag was brought before his wife,
The tender lady begg'd his life;
How ſleek's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like ermine;
Sure never creature was ſo charming!

At firſt within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And diſtant awe, preſumes to gaze;
Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He ſteals my little maſter's bread,
Follows the ſervants to be fed;
Nearer and nearer now he ſtands,
To feel the praiſe of patting hands;

ceptà gaudet dominus ; gaudetque colonus ;
Splendidus in promptu cùm sibi numa mus adest :
rvus ad uxorem fertur, quæ parcere vitæ
Implorat tenero mollitur ore virum ;
Quam teres hæcce cutis ! non mus maculosior [hercle
ne ;
Ponticus est : animal suavius ecquid erat ?"

uditur exigui cùm primùm in limite septi,
Se tegit, atque homi(nem vitat, et ora fugit ;
x animum capiens, obtutu fixus in uno,
Luminibus tacitis singula cautus obit ;
dula funiculis tum prendens lintea morsu,
Prandia ventrali, pileolove facit :
stula ab armigero captat sibi fraude tenello,
Speque dapum, servos gestit ubique sequi :
inus magis atque magis nunc omnibus astat,
Plaudentésque subit lætus ovansque manus ;

Examines ev'ry ſift for meat,
And though repuls'd diſdains retreat:
Attacks again with levell'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a red-coat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face;
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace;
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand;
She plays familiar in his arms,
And ev'ry ſoldier hath his charms;
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

ox eſcam impatiens palmà ſibi poſcit ab omni,
Cedere et indignans, ſæpe repulſus adeſt:
matà dein fronte minax ſua jura tuetur,
Ludibrioque hominem, quem metuebat, habet.

ud ſecus agreſtis trepidat formidine virgo,
Coccina cùm primùm percutit ora chlamys;
ne fores latitat, faciemque abſcondit; at oras
Paulatim auratæ ſpectat, amatque togæ:
unc formidato ſeſe offert fortior hoſti,
Nec preſſam, graviter fert, retrahitve, manum;
udere in amplexu jam non horreſcit; et omnis
Creditur illecebras miles habere ſuas;
ccendit totas tandem ambitioſa cohortes;
Quippe metum ſubigit mos, refugitque pudor.

FABLE VIII.

The MONKEY

Who had ſeen the World.

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes;
For men in diſtant regions roam,
To bring politer manners home:
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.

At length the treach'rous ſnare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,

FABULA VIII.

SIMIUS

mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes. Hor.

UT fratrum emendet mores, et corrigat ævum,
Ardet in externum Simius ire ſolum;
Scilicet hominum mos eſt gentes luſtrare remotas,
Ut patriam urbanâ rectiùs arte colant:
Ergo iter aggreditur; nulla illum incommoda ter-
rent:
Quiſque ſuis diſcit cautior eſſe malis.

Laqueos tandem cadit, et deductus ad urbem,
Pauper in ignotâ venditur hoſpes humo,

There ſold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains:
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls; with mimic play
He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other gentleman;
In viſits too his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit;
Proud with applauſe, he thought his mind
In every courtly art refin'd;
Like ORPHEUS burnt with publick zeal,
To civilize the Monkey weal;
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.

nditur at dominæ, quali ſervire libenter
Quis neget? aut quis non ſimius eſſe velit?
c parat obſequio ſtudium, fruiturque catenà,
Ceu, quibus inſervit, vincula jactat amans:
micus exercet ludos, ubicunque puellam
Ad ſpeculi ſtudium cura diurna vocat;
lligit in nodum vittas, verſatque flabellum,
Perfectique vices ardelionis agit;
pe gravi argutos ſtruit in ſermone lepores,
Riſum ſæpe, joco deficiente, movet;
latus donec plauſu, perfectus ad unguem,
Et conſummatus jam ſibi viſus homo eſt;
m patriæ pius urit amor; tunc ardet, ut Orpheus,
Indigenarum animos poſſe docere rudes;
mporaque apta petens, vincli retinacula rumpit,
Et nemus ad patrium, notaque luſtra redit.

The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs;
Some praiſe his ſleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending,
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſt, or fleecy ſnow;
But all, with envy and deſire,
His flutt'ring ſhoulder-knot admire:

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe;
Weigh your own worth, ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human race;
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways;

mirata habitum, geſtumque, hirſuta caterva,
Concurſat patriis præcipitata jugis;
s nitidis plaudit manicis; pars ſerica laudat
Tegmina, queis limbos dædala pinxit acus;
ncinni nil non delectat forma galeri,
Nigraque ab ambroſiis pendula cauda comis,
rga ſuperjecto redolentia pulvere adorant,
Terga pruinali candidiora nive;
bria ſed lævo quam dat volitare lacerto,
Arridet cunctis, invidiamque movet:

me, adſum, petulanter ait, me audite, catervæ;
Et ſapere et rectè vivere quiſque ſciat;
tutis propriæ memores eſtote, gradumque
Sumite; vix homini turba ſecunda ſumus;
s grates! urbana inter conſortia vixi,
Nec queror ignavos præteriiſſe dies;

Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal:
Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit;
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit;
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend;
I knew the great; Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow like man polite.

He ſpoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applauſe:

nc habitum, faciemque notate; his rictibus uti
Plurimus humano ſimius ore ſolet.
ſcite adulari, rem ſic augere licebit;
Sitque odium, atque iras diſſimulare labor:
totum dare quiſque ſuis videatur amicis,
At proprio ſolùm conſulat ipſe bono.
decet, et mos eſt, mendacia fingite; nunquam
Ingenii nimiâ vena ſit arcta fide;
on levis alterius merita eſt aſpergere virtus;
Gratior alloquio quæritur inde decor;
mnia vos audete, atque omnia ſcire ad amuſſim
Dicite, et ingenii gloria major erit;
agnorum hic mos eſt; colite hæc; et ſimius omnis
Inclytus, atque, hominum more, politus erit.

ixit, et incurvatus humieſt. horrendacachinnans
Eloquium rictu tota corona probat:

Now, warm'd with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

dere quiſque ſuos hinc ſimius ardet amicos,
Ultriceſque iras perfidiamque fovet;
que hominum pravas imitari ſedulus artes,
Incubat inſidiis, invigilatque malo.

, ſchola quem puduit, Phœbo procerus iniquo,
Stultitiam externo perficit orbe puer;
ſtibus inſervit, ludit, bibit, omnia fœda
Perpetrat, ut belli ſit ſibi fama viri;
ia deridet, ſtudia averſatur honeſta,
Ingenio vitium convenit; et ſequitur.

FABLE IX.

The LION and the CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!
Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from ſuperior merit fly;
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke;
There o'er ſome petty club preſide,
So poor, ſo paltry is their pride;
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.

FABULA IX.

Leo, et Proles.

Quàm pravà imperiique locique cupidine flagrat,
Hæc cupit abjectà qui ſibi plebe dari!
alis ferre parem neſcit, ſed vitat, et horret
Quos meritò major condecoravit honos;
ommata delectant hunc fœdæ inſulſa popinæ,
Et vappà et fumo turpiter acta dies;
ic exigui moderatur fræna ſenatûs,
Uſque adeò mentem laus inhoneſta rapit;
um ſtultis etiam totas conſumere noctes
Ingenio primus ſi videatur, amat.

If theſe can read to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light.

A Lion-cub, of ſordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe, he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;
With aſſes all his time he ſpent,
Their club's perpetual preſident;
He caught their manners, looks, and airs:
An aſs in every thing, but ears;
If e'er his highneſs meant a joke,
They grinn'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſire's retreat;

libus hæc mea (ſi qua legant) ego carmina condo,
Clariùs ut meritâ ſtet ſibi luce decus.

tutis patriæ juvenis Leo degener hæres,
Omne Leoninum fugerat acre genus;
rpia, laudis avens, petiit convivia, vulgus
Quæ dedit, et viles inſtituere feræ;
a Aſinis vitæ devovit tempora, conſtans
Menſarum præſes, ſympoſiique caput;
in ora, atque habitus paulatim ſumere, donec
Auribus exceptis totus Aſellus erat;
ntaret ſi fortè jocum, ridere priuſquam
Diceret, et ringi prompta caterva fuit;
[fremebant,
ubi verba dabat, "proh Divûm hominumque"
Quam facilis rudit, quàm ſimiliſque ſui!

ſibi laude placens, proprioque inflatus amore,
Tendit ad auguſti regia luſtra patris;

Forward, and fond to ſhow his parts,
His Highneſs brays; the Lion ſtarts;

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace.

Why ſo ſevere? the Cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe.

How weak is pride! returns the ſire;
All fools are vain, when fools admire;
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe.

[acutam,
tque alacer, mentemque oſtendere promptus
Magnificùm rudit; concutiturque Leo:

ulte, inſulſe canis, vox execrata ſodales
Indicat iſta tuos, et mala luſtra notat:
emper vana fremens, ſtolidum genus ardelionum,
Dedecus ad proprium dant reſonare tubas:

ur mihi, natus ait, pater, hæc tam dura? ſenatus
Me noſter magni pendit, habetque ſophum.

h! quàm delirat faſtus, pater inquit, inanis?
Quem fatui laudant, quiſque ſuperbit hebes;
iſce tamen, quicquid ſtupidi mirantur aſelli,
Ludibrio eſſe mihi, magnanimiſque feris.

FABLE X.

The BUTTERFLY and the SNAIL.

ALL upſtarts inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the ſunſhine of the morn,
A Butterfly but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a roſe;
With pert conceit his boſom glows;
His wings all-glorious to behold,
Bedropt with axure, jet and gold,

FABULA X.

Papilio et Limax.

[jactans,
VIR novus, inque novo nimiùm se munere
Plebeium cogit nos meminisse genus.

ilio, superas vix jam bene natus in oras,
Aurorà nitidum restituente diem,
e super roseo sedet, et caput erigit altum,
Et tumet, et proprio raptus amore calet;
mina pennarum, ferruginis instar, et auri,
Cæruleoque simul tincta colore micant;

Wide he diſplays; the ſpangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue;
His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his houſe, with ſlimy trail
Crawls o'er the graſs; whom when he ſpies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

What means yon peaſant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the ſoil?
Why wake you to the morning's care,
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimſon hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Cruſh then the ſlow, the pilf'ring race,
So purge thy garden from diſgrace.

se patet Soli; nitidusque repercutit imber
Fulgentes oculos, versicolorque decus;
blare dum proprio, spretus per gramen amicus
Cœnoso Limax tramite signat iter;
nem simul ac cernit, custodem protinus horti
Advocat, atque irà sic furibundus ait:

c, operæ incumbit cur villicus iste diurnæ,
Ut fœdo herbarum semine purget humum?
r matutinas exerces tu quoque curas,
Atque anni fructus corrigis arte novà?
ccineo fervent cur persica mala rubore?
Aut cur cæruleo pruna colore nitent?
ius ut saturent sunt hæccine culta palatum,
Istius ut vermis sint placitura gulæ?
rdam dede neci, furacem tunde catervam,
Sic horti meritus restituatur honor.

What arrogance! the Snail reply'd,
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Hadſt thou not thus with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth;
For ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe and ſordid guiſe array'd;
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider-bowels drew
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail ſhall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At beſt,
He's but a caterpillar, dreſt;

Et tibi, ait Limax, hæc unde ſuperbia venit?
Vilia quàm gravior pectora faſtus habet!
Opprobrii cauſam niſi tu prior ipſe dediſſes,
Pectore me cogens impatiente queri,
Nollem ego te nullis dixiſſe parentibus ortum,
At genus ex ipſis fæcibus eſſe tuum;
Nam celeres vix nonus adhuc ſol protulit horas,
Ut foveant fructus, dentque rubere roſas,
Ex quo cernere erat turpem te degere vitam,
Abjectumque habitu ſordidiore tegi;
Impurum, deforme animal, tum vile trahebas
Squalenti obductus ſyrmate, corpus humi;
Fœtida tum nebas, ceu turpis aranea, fila,
Ore vomens uteri ſtercora fœda tui.
Non humili inficior natum me ſtemmate; limax
Natus eram, et limax, dum mihi lux ſit, ero:
Et quid papilio eſt? (pejus nihil addere vellem)
Nil niſi vermiculus lautior eſſe poteſt;

And all thy race (a numerous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

FABLE XI.

The CUR and the MASTIFF.

A Sneaking Cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Puſs to day was in diſgrace,
Another cat ſupply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the Maſtiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;

genus omne tuum, turpis ſine fine propago,
Vermiculos referet, ſordiduloſque patres.

FABULA XI.

CATULUS et MOLOSSUS.

ECTORIS infidi catulus, ſpeculator herilis,
Præmia qui linguæ ſæpe inhoneſta tulit,
editione, dolis, irà, invidiàque, metuque
Implèrat totam, miſcueratque domum.
pprobrium ſubit infauſtus ſine crimine felis,
Depoſitique locum protinus alter habet;
erbera fert inſons canis, arguiturque Moloſſus,
Cogitur infelix ſimius ire foras;

Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.

A plan to rob the houſe was laid,
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and ſtrok'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread;
He next the Maſtiff's honour try'd,
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe defy'd;
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The ſurly Dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The maſter took his information;
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And begg'd in juſtice to be heard.

uiſque comes comitem formidat, amicus amicum,
Nec quæ cauſa malum protulit ulla patet.

um ſociis ſpoliare dolo convenerat ædes
Ancillæque latro vincit amore fidem;
landitur catulo, caput et fovet, oraque mulcet,
Secretumque animum munere panis emit;
Neſcit at integri corrumpere corda Moloſſi,
Fortior oblatum reſpuit ille cibum;
Dumque manum latro extendit dare plura paratam,
Indignans digitos ſauciat ore canis.
Ociùs accelerat catulus, facinuſque cruentum
Nunciat; iratus fervet, ut audit, herus;
Corripe carnificem, exclamat; ſimul ipſe fidelem
Dat laqueo ſervum, collaque honeſta ligat.

Suppliciter cauſam profert, oratque Moloſſus,
Audiri vicibus ſe quoque poſſe ſuis.

The maſter ſat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting ſtand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.
Judge not unheard, the Maſtiff cry'd,
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide;
Think not that treach'ry can be juſt,
Take not informers words on truſt:
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.

He ſpoke. And all the truth appear'd.
The Cur was hang'd, the Maſtiff clear'd.

nſilium vocat, et partes agit ipſe magiſter
Judicis, et coram fertur uterque canis;
rocem catulus rem narrat, et omnia pandens,
Cauſidici ritu, deteriora facit.
ɔſit inaudito cuiquam ſit pœna, Moloſſus
Clamat, juſtitiam cautus utrinque colas;
rfidiam ne crede probas ſibi ſumere partes,
Nec delatori da ſine teſte fidem;
e tenet patulas quæcunque in munera palmas,
Et tibi ferre dolos, ut mihi, promptus erit.

ixit. vera patent; catulus ſuſpenditur, inſons
Dimiſſa veniam lite, Moloſſus habet.

FABLE XII.

The PERSIAN, the SUN, and the CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?

When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;

FABULA XII.

PERSA, SOL, et NUBES.

Stne qui puro calet igne vates?
Eſtne, cui vocis ſtrepitum canoræ
mperat ductor fidium, lyræque
Auctor Apollo?

dit audaces numeros ſonantem,
dit invità gravis aure Livor;
ndet, infeſtaſque agitat maligno
Pectore flammas;

Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;

She calls her venal train from hell;

The ſervile fiends her nod obey,

And all CURLL's authors are in pay.

Fame calls up calumny and ſpite;

Thus ſhadow owes its birth to light.

As proſtrate to the God of day,

With heart devout, a Perſian lay,

er caput diro tumidi veneno
bilant angues; genus ille fœdum
oncutit, venale pecus, nigroque
Evocat orco;

aret inferni monitis magiſtri
æmonum quotquot fovet impiorum
urba, quæ chartis ſcelerata vendit
Probra diurnis.

ogit infames Bavii catervas
ama clarorum celebrata vatum;
urus ut Phœbi radius nigrantes
Parturit umbras.

ucis ad æthereum ſincero corde parentem
Fervida proſtratus vota, preceſque pias

His invocation thus begun.

" Parent of light, all-ſeeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts, of providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year."

A Cloud, who mock'd his graceful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:

" Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow."

With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd;

dabat. " Tu diffundis, laudande, Deorum
era, tu, Lux O mundi genialis origo,
parens, Sol O pulcher, qui ſingula luſtras,
ndiſque foves radiis, noſtram accipe laudem,
meritas tibi dona preces; ſis mitior arvis
ater, et lætum da volvere frugibus annum."

oris hæc grati deridens munera Nubes,
Perfudit tenebris invidioſa diem;
ubitò e nimbis vox faſtu inflata maligno,
Talibus audita eſt intonuiſſe ſonis:
is tuus eſt imbellis, et aureus ille Deorum,
Qui jacit arbitrio lucida tela meo?
ane vota meas, neque thura ferentur ad aras?
Hìc etiam laudi debitus adſit honor."

tus amore pio, faſtumque peroſus inanem,
Improbat indignans hoc grave Perſa nefas;

It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown;
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd.

The gale aroſe; the vapour toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

tibi dat formam, quique iſtà in ſede locari
Te ſinit, Hic Deus eſt; Huic ego vota fero;
n tegit ipſe caput velamine, planior extat
Corporis effigies conſpicienda tui;
abrumquodcunquerapit,glomerataquecircum
Agmina præcipitem cogit inire fugam.

rgunt Zephyri; tenuatus in aera cedit
(Ludibrium ventis) diſcutiturque vapor;
purgat Phœbea diem. ſic tranſit inanis
Invidia, et meritus luce refulget honor.

FABLE XIII.

The Fox at the Point of Death.

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him ſtand,
To learn their dying ſire's command;
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:

FABULA XIII.

Vulpes moribunda.

Languida, et enervis, senioque exhausta, jacebat
Extremam Vulpes mortis itura viam;
Non stomacho jam notus amor fuit, oraque dentes
Confecti longâ destituere die.
Ordine stat tristi circum numerosa propago,
Ægrotique capit jussa suprema patris;
Ille caput flenti similis, similisque gementi
Tollit, et auditur vox ita mœsta queri:

Ah, ſons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart:
See, ſee, the murder'd geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding turkies there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken ſlain?

The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd:

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, gooſe, nor hen is here:
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain,
And your ſons lick their lips in vain:
O gluttons! ſays the drooping ſire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire;
Your liqu'riſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcience is no more:

eſine famoſos, ſoboles mea, deſine mores ;
Me premit injuſti prægrave cordis onus ;
nſeris en cæſi mihi plurima ſurgit imago !
Cur melicarum inſtat ſanguinolenta cohors ?
ur mihi quæ pullos toties gallina peremptos
Objicit, et dirâ voce tremenda canit ?

junæ volvunt circum undique lumina vulpes,
Inque cibum dentes tota caterva parat ;

h! pater, hæc ubi ſunt convivia ? non melicarum,
Non hìc gallinæ forma, nec anſer adeſt ;
e cerebri ludunt ſpecies, et hiantia fruſtrà
Nos ſpe pollicitæ lambimus ora dapis ;
one cupidinibus, moriens pater inquit, avaris,
Pone modum veſtris, gens ſcelerata, gulis ;
lox erit hic luxus, ventriſque dolenda libido,
Conſcia cum deerit pax, animique quies ;

Does not the hound betray our pace,
And gins and guns deſtroy our race?
Thieves dread the ſearching eye of pow'r,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us ſhall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happineſs attain,
Let honeſty your paſſions rein;
So live in credit and eſteem,
And the good name you loſt, redeem.

The counſel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you adviſe:
Think what our anceſtors have done,
A line of thieves from ſon to ſon:
To us deſcends the long diſgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.

Nonne canis, quàcunque iter eſt, veſtigia prodit,
Nec tormenta ferunt inſidiæque necem?
Legis acuta timent et jurum lumina fures,
Nec venit ulla novo quæ vacat hora metu.
Me premit (heu! nobis raro experienda) ſenectus,
Jam finem curis impoſitura meis.
Ducere ſi ſit amor, verè feliciter ævum,
Pura fides animi vos, pietaſque regat;
Sic decus, et famam, ſic juſtum acquirere nomen
Cura ſit, et lapſus reſtituatur honor.

Cui vulpes, rectè, pater O! bone, conſulis, inquit,
Juſſa quidem liceat ſi tua ritè ſequi:
At recolas noſtri quid commiſere parentes,
Ex turpi furum traduce, turpe genus:
Dedecus antiquo nobis deſcendit ab ævo,
Progeniemque omnem fama ſiniſtra notat.

Though we, like harmleſs ſheep, ſhould feed,
Honeſt in thought, in word, and deed;
Whatever hen-rooſt is decreas'd,
We ſhall be thought to ſhare the feaſt.
The change ſhall never be believed;
A loſt good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be mod'rate in your food,——
A chicken too might do ME good.

Stirps tua tota licet, verboque animoque fidelis,
Innocuæ gramen mordeat inſtar ovis;
Quæ data cunque tamen ſint gallinaria cladi,
Fama feret partem nos habuiſſe dapum.
Vix ita mutatas cuiquam fas credere vulpes;
Perditur heu! ſemper, perdita fama ſemel.

Anne ita ſunt res, æger ait, (gallina ſed, audin!
Jam glocit) anne ita ſunt? quin genus ite meum,
Ite piæ vulpes; avido ſed parcite ventri——
Credo equidem pullo ME quoque poſſe frui.

FABLE XIV.

The TURKEY and the ANT.

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the moat that dims their eye.
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find,
To our own ſtronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and ſought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.

FABULA XIV.

MELICA et FORMICA.

Æpe in amicorum vitiis ſpectamus acutum,
Et querimur falſa lumina nube tegi,
n labes nos ulla fugit; nec cernimus ipſi,
Quàm nos interea fortior error habet.

ſcum exoſa cibum Melica, et vulgaria temnens,
Horrea deſtituit nota, nemuſque petit;
ne ſubit, trepidatque pedes æquare ſequendo
Granaque certatim turba tenella legit.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold the buſy Negroe race,
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on turkies preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days;
Sometimes with oiſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſav'ry chine.
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſev'n deadly ſins the worſt.

iſtite, mater ait, mea gaudia, ſiſtite greſſus,
Quàm lauta hic nobis fercula collis habet!
ernite ut Æthiopum ſtudiis intenta caterva eſt!
Millibus en plena eſt, totaque nigrat humus!
uin agite, audaces epulis incumbite mecum;
O! formica meæ quam placet hæcce gulæ!
npia ſi cohiberet atrox pullarius arma,
Ah! nimium nobis vita beata foret:
[phat,
ſt homo, pravus homo, Melicarum cæde trium-
Et noſtrûm exitio feſta decembris agit:
ſtrea nunc patinâ nobis ſociantur in unâ,
Nunc Suis appoſitæ terga ad opima ſumus;
ilis ab agricolæ menſis ad fercula regum,
Heu! Melicæ nunquam nidor odorus abeſt:
[gis atrox
eptem homines damnant peccata; ſed haud ma-
Flagitium eſt, ventris quàm ſceleratus amor.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighb'ring beech:
Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill.

ormica, in celſum ſcandens, quæ fugerat hoſtem,
Talia ſub fagi tegmine dicta facit :
nte tibi alterius quàm fas reprehendere crimen,
Conſule quid tua mens, quod tibi dicat, habet ;
roſtro moderare, et cum jentacula ſumis,
Te pudeat totis gentibus eſſe neci.

FABLE XV.

The FATHER and JUPITER.

THE Man to JOVE his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife; his prayer was heard.
JOVE wonder'd at his bold addreſſing;
For how precarious is the bleſſing!

A wife he takes; and now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with prayers,
JOVE nods aſſent: Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys;

FABULA XV.

Pater et Jupiter.

Supplex vota Jovi dat Homo, ſponſamque requirit;
Nec patitur vanas Jupiter ire preces;
Miratur ſed vota tamen; nam ſponſa futura
Qualis erit, Divûm dicere nemo poteſt!

Sponſam habet; hæredes nunc ambitioſior optat,
Rurſùs vota facit, ſolicitatque Jovem:
Nec negat hæc Deus: egregii duo pignora nati,
Felicique datur filia pulchra toro;

Now, more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view;
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty;
Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care!
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire;
May favour teach him to aſpire;
Till he the ſtep of pow'r aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bleſs'd:
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.

Nunc magis urgetur curis, vitaſque revolvit,
Et quæ fata feret cuique futura dies;
Viderat omne decus, cultumque, hominumque fa-
[vorem
Imperio, formæ, divitiiſque dari;
Atque iterùm exclamat, precor hoc quoque per-
[fice votum
Jupiter; O! ſobolis ſit tibi cura meæ!
Dives inauretur fortunæ flumine natus,
Qui thalami ſpes eſt, et mihi primus amor.
Ambitione alter laudumque cupidine flagret;
Et favor, et procerum gratia pectus alat;
Donec ad imperium ſurgentem, ut numen adorent
Submiſſoque colant aulica turba genu.
Quos Charites jactant, aut quos Venus ipſa decores
Filiolam certent condecorare meam.
Si probet hoc cælum, patri licet eſſe beato:
Ridet, et has Numen ſpes jubet eſſe ratas.

The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;
In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew;
He reach'd the height of power and place;
Then fell, the victim of diſgrace.

Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains;

Primus opum ſtudio cor exagitatus ad imum,
Et quàcunque rapax arte, aliena petens,
Quæſitiſque addens, et queis tenet inſcius uti,
Solicitos lucro devovet uſque dies.
Ingeminant curæ, nulla illum gaudia tangunt,
Nulla die recreat pax, neque nocte ſopor;
Ficta inter cumulos paupertas reddit egenum,
Excruciatque inter fercula vera fames.

Altera ſpes ſubitis cumulatur honoribus, aulæ
Ad quæſtum obliquas callidus ire vias:
Attingit fortunæ apicem; ſed ſurgit, ut ingens
Victima dedecori ſit, graviorque cadat.

Filia maturo perfunditur ora decore,
Gratia ineſt formæ, luminibuſque nitor;
At vanà petulans agit ambitione triumphos,
Oblectans ſpreti corda dolore proci;

With age she fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God. "By outward show,
Men judge of happiness and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and, of that possest,
To providence resign the rest."

Marcida dum profugos diſcedere luget amantes,
Et vetulà languens virginitate perit.

Jupiter afflictum cum fata dolere parentem
Cernit, et infidos inſimulare Deos,
Hæc ait. " Externà deluſus imagine rerum,
Quid juvet, aut noceat, quàm malè novit homo?
Verane qui falſis neſcit diſtinguere, mentis
Æternæ judex, et moderator erit?
VIRTUTEM tu poſce Deos; quà ritè potità,
Nil manet orandum; cætera mitte Jovi."

FABLE XVI.

The POET and the ROSE.

I Hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame:
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raiſe their own;
Thus Scribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays;
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd:

FABULA XVI.

POETA et ROSA.

SIt procul O! famæ alterius quicunque ruinâ,
Exoptat proprium conſtabilire decus:
Sic auſtera putat nomen ſe acquirere virgo,
Dat quoties aliis lingua maligna notam:
Opprobriis, ſic laudis avens, putat Auctor ineptus,
Transferat ut capiti laurea ferta ſuo:
Et virgo, et vates, ratione ſuperbit eâdem,
Ferre ſine invidiâ neſcit uterque parem:

Who praiſes LESBIA's eyes and feature,
Muſt call her ſiſter, aukward creature;
For the kind flatt'ry's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet ſought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And ev'ry ſtalk with odour bends.
A roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging as the Muſe inſpir'd.

Go, Roſe, my CHLOE's boſom grace;
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!

Ritè tuam laudare poteſt quis, Leſbia, formam,
Ni culpata ſimul ſit tua pulchra ſoror?
Blanda etenim bis lingua placet, quæ ſuppetit uni
Quas laudet, veneres, alteriuſque rapit.

Ver erat, et placidæ ſpirabant leniter auræ,
Gaudia cùm ruris mane Poeta petit,
Suave nitent horti, levibuſque faventibus auſtris,
Omne ſalutifero germen odore fluit.
Ille roſam legit, et mirantia lumina figens,
Concinit hoc, muſâ præcipiente, melos.

I noſtram, Roſa, quære Chloen, gremioque venuſto
Sis decus; ah! felix terque quaterque forem,
Hunc fidis mihi ſi flammis, et amore perenni,
Carum fata darent ſuppeditare locum!
Illic, ut Phœnix, oculorum ardore peruſto,
Involvi liquido thure, et odore mori!

Know hapleſs flow'r, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant roſes there;
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and deſpair!
One common fate we both muſt prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your compariſons, reply'd
An angry Roſe, who grew beſide.
Of all mankind you ſhould not flout us:
What can a Poet do without us?
In ev'ry love-ſong roſes bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to CHLOE's charms conduce,
To ſound her praiſe on our abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine and fade?

Ah, neſcis, flos, heu! neſcis, infauſte, quot illic
Suaviùs halantes experiere roſas;
En! video, livore, et ſpe marceſſere lapſâ,
Languidulas frondes, deciduumque caput!
Funus utrumque manet; communi clade perimus;
Tu cadis invidiâ, me meus urit amor.

Hæc tibi tu ſerves ſtulta exemplaria, dicit,
Proxima quæ ſtabat, rapta furore Roſa.
Te ſaltem, ex aliis pudeat nos ſpernere, vates;
Quid faceres, noſtram ſi renuamus opem?
Fervet quæque roſis, quæ fervet amore, poeſis;
Hinc color, hinc vobis ſuppeditatur odor.
Tene putas, inſulſe, Chloes augere decorem,
Cùm patimur muſæ turpia probra tuæ?
Huic ut aduleris, cur nos marceſcere cogis,
Cur languere jubes, invidiàque mori?

FABLE XVII.

The HARE and many FRIENDS.

FRiendſhip, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame:
The child, whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care:
'Tis thus in friendſhip; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare who in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,

FABULA XVII.

LEPUS et AMICORUM copia.

UNi junge animum, et fidas hìc comprime [flammas,
Aut, ut Amans, vanum nomen, Amicus erit:
Cui genus eſt dubium, pater et cui plurimus, [infans,
Rariùs heu, patrio novit amore frui;
Sic variis quicunque animum partitur amicis,
Quid ſit firma fides neſcit, et arctus amor.

Quod potuit, ſtudio Lepus obſequioſus in omni
Omnibus, ut *Vates*, lector amice, *tuus*,

Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain:
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth ſhe went at early dawn,
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn;
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.

What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the horſe appear'd in view!

Notus erat cunctis quæcunque animalia ſylvas
Luſtrant, aut campi pabula dente legunt;
Vixerat innocuus, bruto nec amicior ulli,
Agminibuſve feris carior alter erat.

Ille ubi prima novos Aurora effuderat imbres,
Roſcida ut ore metat gramina carpit iter;
Cum ſubitò venantum, ut dira tonitrua, voces
Accipit, et velox ardet abire fugà:
Nunc tremit, atque pedem reprimens, ſuſpirat, et [aurem
Admovet, inque ſonis ſentit adeſſe necem;
Nunc curſus, ſi ſorte canes eludat, eoſdem
Duplicat, et gyros itque reditque pares;
Donec anhela metu languens præcordia, et æger
Concidit in mediâ ſemianimiſque viâ.

Gaudia quanta animo, quanta eſt exorſa voluptas,
Cum faciem noti jam prope cernit equi!

Let me, fays fhe, your back afcend,
And owe my fafety to a friend:
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendfhip ev'ry burden's light.

The Horfe reply'd, poor honeft Pufs,
It grieves my heart to fee thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the ftately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
Since ev'ry beaft alive can tell
That I fincerely wifh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend:
Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;

O! veſtrum mihi fas ſit, ait, conſcendere dorſum,
Sitque ſalus fidei debita noſtra tuæ:
Cernis ut hæc infida fugam veſtigia produnt,
Sarcina amicitiæ eſt quæque ferenda levis.

Te toto, reſpondet Equus, te pectore plango
[pus:
Tam grave ferre malum, care, et honeſte le-
At ſolare animum, tibi dat fortuna levamen;
Omnis amicorum turba frequenter adeſt.

[bum;
Mox Taurum implorat queribundâ voce ſuper-
Et ſic armenti rex venerandus ait:
[ras,
Quandoquidem quæcunque habitant animalia ter-
Norunt quam fidâ te pietate colo,
Libertate utar, quâ tractat amicus amicum,
Sintque ſine invidiâ quæ ſine fraude loquor:
[acervum,
Me gravis hinc procul urget amor; prope fanis
Adventum impatiens pulchra juvenca manet;

And when a lady's in the caſe,
You know, all other things give place:
To leave you thus might ſeem unkind:
But ſee, the Goat is juſt behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye:
My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd:
Said he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat ſheep, as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf addreſs'd,
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd:

Et ſcis fœmineas cùm res agitemus oportet,
Fas eſt cætera dent, qualiacunque, locum:
Aſperior videar, cùm linquere cogor amicum,
At viden! a tergo non procul Hircus abeſt.

Hircus ut impulſas rapido notat impete venas,
Torpenteſque oculos cernit, inerſque caput,
Hirſutum hoc noceat tergum tibi forſitan, inquit,
Te tepidum foveat vellus, et aſtat Ovis.

Imbellem ſe dicit Ovis, queriturque gravatam
Jam nimis, et lanæ pondera ferre latus:
Lenta etiam incuſat crura, agnoſcitque timores;
Namque ovis, ut lepus eſt, ſit quoque præda canum.

Tandem infelici mortem ut defendat amico,
Curſanti Vitulo fervida vota facit:

Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! how weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence:
Excuſe me then. You know my heart,
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part;
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu:
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

At Vitulus, teneris cùm ſim ſine viribus annis,
Hoc mihi ſuſcipiam tam grave pondus, ait?
Te modo præteriit majuſque et fortius agmen;
[tur!
Vis quàm magna illis, quàm mihi parva da-
Quiſque, nec immeritò, mihi ſuccenſeret amicus,
Hinc te ſi proprio tollere marte velim:
Da veniam; te totus amo; ſed acerba ſuorum
Funera, cuique dabunt debita fata pati;
[leto
Heu, quam flendus eris! longùm æternùmque va-
Care lepus: videas jam properare canes.

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